Descending Into Darkness

Drew Burra

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This volume of poetry is dedicated to my son Haidyn with all my love...hopefully when you read this someday you won't think that I'm too weird to have a conversation with.

To all those unique and special individuals who have taken the time to read what I have written and who have also inspired, supported, and motivated me over the years to publish my aesthetic creations.
Please enjoy...always at your own risk.

And to Jennifer Lynn Pemberton, for all the years of friendship, encouragement, tears and laughter, and most importantly...your brutally honest criticism. My eternal thanks to you for always believing in me and my abilities, even when I did not.

DB
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II

Dark is the path.
Shadows leer in every footstep.
Screams echo amidst each taken breath.
Lies deceive.
Envious spite broods
Contemptuous nature.
Ghastly voices are marked
Within the deep terror.
Taken are many,
And survivors are few.
Faces gasp with widened eyes...
Morbid.
Twisted.
Hypnotized.
Perverted.
Fallen.
Mangled...
Decomposed.
Hideous without feature.
Convulsing bodies
Agonized and shuddering.
Tortured by loving pain.
As veins spill cold blood
They are severed,
Estranged,
And forgotten.
Rise to the pulpit of souls
And veer the extreme madness.
Lurking and hiding.
Each gives silence for the dead
In their strangled cries.

Within anger there is violence.
With violence there is truth.
From truth springs lasting hatred.
Hatred breeds, and then spurns Love.
Your Love is your death.
So wallow in your life
And swallow the suffering.
Abused without happiness,
Yet joy in rage.
Journey's just beginning...
To be sin-filled but winning.
Each and every movement
Watched under scrutinizing eyes
Is pressured.
Take a step.
Then another.
Then another.
Then another.
Dark is the path...
Will you follow?

Within the Ashes of Tomorrow

Fire's high...
Like rage in translucent flames.
Words spoken like embers
To burn the skin …
Melting emotions into cinders
Where tears scar the flesh.

Boiling.
Toiling...
Like trouble's brew.
Coiling.
Spoiling...
Like snakes within you.

Such disaster strikes the times
When beautiful laughter is left behind.
Firelight then takes the place
Where once a smile adorned your face.

Words, like empty echoes.
In each breath, a silent scream ---
Once upon a Lover's death
Now quakes within my dreams.

Scratching high
On the walls of sorrow...
Take away my solitude.
From within the ashes of tomorrow
Where the raging fire swallowed through.

Now, what is left?
A simple death
Strung high above each withered tree.
The skies bleed in rains of pale contempt
Which flood the grounds
From you to me.

In all of this
My heart cries deep
From out the night of restless sleep.
Your words, like daggers, pierce my brain
As the devils of jealousy come around again.
Upon each twisted-ghastly face
Is a mirror mark of my disgrace.
Why would I cast my sorrows through
And give them as a gift to you?

This silent shade beside your flame
Is such a lost a pitiful creature.
How it wishes for your Love again
In each and every empty feature.
Even though these things are so,
(The years count more and more)
With much left to be learned.
By locking it shut behind a door
Where the fire will never burn.

Distension

The hell inside...
To swell with pride.
Quick release...
The pressure's decreased.
Pain still given...
From such tormented living.
Dark enclosure...
The soul's exposure.

Building.
Building.
The self explodes,
inviting a melt-down overload.
Building.
Building...
like nails to the brain.
Numbing my madness like Novocain.

Shadows mix,
But the blood is thick.
Sip the wine
And become divine.
Spirit floating like a feather...
Insides turning,
Twined in leather.
The eyes to kill the mortal coil
Are spawned in the lies
They have left to spoil.

Building.
Building...
Beauty's steam.
Marvel at these glass-like dreams.

Building.
Building.
Flesh on fire.
Unfold the twin-like razor's spire.

Like the teeth gnawing at the tips of tombs...
They draw my innocence from out the womb!

Gears turn with zombie’s breath
As my thoughts fly inside a molting death
With a mid-day Lover
Overturned by reprise...
Such erratic movement behind a disguise.
Interlocked in my self-interlude...
The pangs of destiny we mean to lose.
Upon the crest of saddened waves...
Torn and drawn from a nesting of slaves
And I am forced into a blind osmosis ---
Killing the kindred symbiosis.

Building.
Building...
To impart-implode.
Heavy heads shall take the load.
A dissident,
Yet family made...
Detest what’s best
And fill the grave.
Building.
Building.
Raping nature’s course
Was a sinning, spinning, grinning corpse...
Now paralyzed behind the wall’s sought long retention.
Muscles fail into distention.

Bleed Into Being

Here it comes
Back again

That same old feeling
I can't make it go away

It's taking me
Breaking me
Bringing me

Down
Down
Down

Into the pit
Where I feel it
Ripping away my thoughts
Taking me
Taking me far away
Replacing me
Displacing me
Where my scars laugh
Where I scream to get out
Where there is no sound
Except in my head

I have made the blade
Engrave the hate on my wrist
And now I am bleeding
Back into being

So alive
So alive
So alive

Drano

I feel dirty.
My thoughts are clogged.
Sometimes I feel
Like I'm no one at all.
I'm a piece of skin.
A piece of meat...
I'm a piece of something
That is never complete.

I look at myself...
How disgusting and vile
Could one person be
When they can't even smile?
My eyes don't look right.
I can't even see straight.
My hair's almost gone...
Just one more thing to hate.

Under the sink
I see the bottle...
I'm going to drink
What's inside at full throttle.
It's going to take away
All that's stuck in between...
And finally I can say
That for once I am clean.

I'm clean...
So goddamn clean.

Blue Sky Suicide

You think it's your time,
Will you do it right now?
You've gotten yourself this far …
It may save you somehow.

Looking down at the water,
Seems so peaceful, serene …
You have the answers to nothing
But the end of your dreams.

Suffocate.
Take it in.
Too late
To make your life begin.
In the end…where will you hide?
Paint the blue-sky suicide.

Calmness becomes your life's transfusion,
But your mask is the pain in a beautiful illusion.
Smiling high above the sea…
Your brain so tortured from its disease.

Suffocate.
Take it in.
Too late
For penance of your sins.
In the end…where will you hide?
Paint the blue-sky suicide.

Don't think of the life
That you just freely spent
As you release your tomorrows
To begin the descent.

Stitches, Spikes, and Bleeding Eyes

Your mouth
Is like a sewer
Filled with nothing of value
Except filth and malicious words
And where the excrement
Of your thoughts smear
The brackish depth
That embraces your damaged heart

You choke
You suffocate
You smother
With frenzied contempt

What have I done to you
To make you be like this

What have I done
What have I done
What have I done

Your mouth
Is like a sewer
Filled with nothing of value
Except stitches, spikes, and bleeding eyes

No-Mad

Alone he walks,
In tears …
Discarded.
His flesh burned to ashes by the sun.

There are no longer stars
In his night sky …
Just empty spaces
Where he walks in his destiny.
No need for answers.
No need for Love.
No need for yesterday, tomorrow,
Or ever again.

They are all cold-shadow memories..

His blood is ice,
Like the heart that stops
Caring.
Feeling.
Beating.

His dead eyes stare.
Numb.
Hurt.
Abused.
Broken.
Aching.
Miserable.
Then, they are filled with anger.

He walks onward …
His head low,
Slumped under the weight
Of his own devices.
Crushed under the guilt
Of his own actions,
He is torn apart by the pain
Of his brooding spite.
Death in this Life
Holds no answers to him now…
Gripped by no hands,
He seems to follow nothing.

Unseen and unheard, like silent suffering …
He walks alone,
In tears …
Discarded.
Lost
And invisible to everyone.
Another step forward …
He walks so alone.

Throw down the Angels

High up in the celestial sky
I hear the angels silently cry;
While here below, I continue dreaming …
Searching for God in the soul of a demon.

Here I am, lost amongst the dead
As acrid thoughts dissolve my head.
All of the stars are falling tonight.
All of the stars are falling. …

Throw down the angels from up in the sky.
Throw down the angels,
Then watch as I die.

The night has no rhythm.
I'm lost to my feeling.
The heart's words burn painfully…
How does the soul keep receiving?
Numbed from the neck up,
To be so twisted inside …
If I lock out the demon,
Then where do I hide?
All of the stars are falling tonight,
All of the stars are falling …

Counted are the miles between Heaven and I…
Realizing there is no more to deny.
The kiss of an angel I wished to find
Is now nothing but laughter
Upon each burst of the wind.

To her eyes I was never real …
Just another soul to steal.

Throw down the Angels from up in the sky.
Throw down the Angels,
Then watch as I die.

As I stand here within my wicked spot
I watch the angels rapidly drop
From their thrones in the high clouds of Heaven…
I stare at them and the horrors they're given.
All of the stars are falling tonight,
All of the stars are falling …

I close my eyes, now dreaming to see
How many angels have fallen before me.
The wings I once had, replaced now by fangs…
And my soul is not where my heart hangs.

And when I live, I live forever.
And when I give, I give forever.
And I shall last into eternity.
And I am past all destinies.

Hear your children cry tonight.
Do you hear your children crying?
I've seen your children die tonight…
Are you content to know they're dying?

Throw down the angels from up in the sky …
And I shall be waiting for them one at a time.

Laura Lee

Laura Lee, you are to me
As gentle as the new-born sea...
Leading me to a land to be
Of sweetness and serenity.
In your arms there comes no harm,
But in your eyes lies wicked charm.
Such evil things you dare possess,
They strike like ice and bleed to rest.

Laura Lee, where will you be
When the darkness looms my company?

The wildest dreams have passed my mind.
From where their tangled webs unwind
A lurid image --- how horrid the place!
An evil my mind troubles to erase.
Appearing before me, a sight beyond death
Left me gasping for air where there was no breath.
There stood a woman like a gift sent from Heaven...
Each shadow she wore, how each shade was given.
She danced there in madness, a dumb silhouette...
But oh, with such beauty I could never forget.

Out from the blackness her skin was a glistening white,
Yet her face remained hidden in the robes of the night.

Not a break in the silence as I stood there in awe
By the flashing array of the figure I saw.
Her dance slowly ended as she reached for the sky...
Like a flower in bloom that is waiting to die.

“Laura Lee?” I whispered into the air.
All my words lost their form
In the wind of her storm...
Yet I continued to helplessly stare.

“Greetings my Love.” She answered to me.
“Is this not all that you’ve wanted to see?”
She turned to me slowly with deftness in step...
And beneath a halo of fire she reaped a mad hue of death.

With the burst of a scream
I awoke from my dream
Withering deep in a perplexed hex of sorrow.
I wished only to sink where there is no tomorrow.
My tormented mind throbbed with agonized pangs
Like the vein to be robbed by a vampire’s fangs.

Who is the fool that believes with his eye
In a dream conceived by such dark treachery?

Laura Lee, you are to me
Nothing but a mystery
Floating upon my troubled sea…
On the wandering winds of anxiety.

Within a Glass Heart

Ashes deep.
Willows weep.
Beauty dies.
Heaven cries.

No more yearning.
Nightmare's turning.
Fire has swallowed.
Eyes so hollow.
Window's stare.
No more care.

Fall from above.
Killing Love.

Another time.
Another place.
Another mime
With an empty face.

Shades of black.
Never come back.
Murderers hang
From a demon's fangs.
Roses wither.
Death delivers.

No more grace.
A lonely place.

Release your evil.
Live in lies.
Soothe the devil
With blind-shut eyes.

Stirring in the Witch's brew
Is all the madness within you.

Taken in and torn apart.
No more blood flows through my heart.
While guilt is given from the liar
All others rest within the fire.
Like a shroud so flawlessly hung,
A dirge for the dead can now be sung.

Encased here within eternal sleep,
Of my destiny I shall no longer speak.

The Embalmer-Machine

A rotting corpse
Lying in a still-life frame.

No more remorse.
No more pain.
No more of torture.
No more of faith.
No more to cure.
No more to waste.

No more beating from your heart.
No more smiles to caress the dark.
No more beauty in your art.
No more lies as you depart.

No more energy.
No more choice.
No more envy.
No more voice.

Everything beneath the skin
Shall once again be taken in …

No more sight left in your eyes.
No more thoughts within your brain.
No more ears to hear your cries.
No more nerve's numb Novocain.
No more believing.
No more breath.
No more forever…
After your death.

Everything inside is drained.

A rotting corpse has been picked clean...
Chewed in the jaws of the embalmer-machine.

The Visitor

Who comes to me upon the 11th hour
But a wayward stranger bearing witness
To mine own suspicious actions?

To it I cry,
"Be gone, and enter this house no more.
Stay upon your own life's course
And do not tread upon the tracks of mine!"

It was vanity that rooted me.
It was spite that fed me.
It was anger that forced me.
It was wrath that held me fast.

For who would come to me in this time
And reveal truths that I have hidden?
Who could carry the voices
Which are above all things here?

As it slowly approached the 12th hour,
The angel pointed to me...
And with a bold and steadfast voice it said,
"Repent."